

A BEARDSLEY CRAZE IN

A Color Scheme Involving Harmony of Mood With Costume.

ADARING caprice it was that prompted artist and artisan to thrust upon us a Beardsley craze without warning. But what of it—a spirit of adventure is admired by all. Once we caught our breath the impertinence was forgiven. Now, we are swearing by these poster inclined people who have made it possible for us to look demure and act in a kittenish manner. Ponder for a moment, and if you are one of the unreconciled your prejudices will be overcome in contemplating the beauty of a room full of wondrously white, sloping shoulders, bared with the utmost frankness, and limb upon limb defined and beautified by clinging draperies and myriads of furbelows. No fantastic creations are to perpetuate the weird pen strokes of the poster maker, but the subtle grace and medieval glories are to be separated as the chaff from the wheat, and to these will we pin our faith. In other words, all of sinuous grace remains, but delicate color usurps the place of the flamboyant. This revolution in the cut of clothes is but the aftermath of symbolical toilets which have been fostered by the extremists abroad.

A friend who understands dressing, as she apparently does coquetry, tells me that in conjunction with the new fad she has adopted an individual scheme. She intends her garments, chameleon-like, to take the color of her moods. "It must be that feminine gift of intuition that has made me receive very different proposals in appropriate gowns," says she. "There was the austere high church parson, who is now, with rare fidelity, a celibate priest. I refused an offer to share his slum living in a madonnalike gown of deep Mediterranean blue fashioned in nunlike folds, with medieval clasps conning my waist and a chateleine hanging like the beads of a rosary."

"There was the good looking, penniless naval lieutenant who caught me unawares in blue serge." Who will gainsay the wisdom and sagacity of my charming friend? Not I. We all know the would be wicked man about town who, by the subtle flattery of painting his life ten times blacker than it is, and himself waiting for you to regenerate him, comes near winning you. That day—I'll stake the price of an auto drive on it—you wore a babyish little, simple muslin gown, fresh and innocent, that left with him the memory of a fragrant young life

daines who sought to be gay and happy—in fact, a suggestion of ill that might have unnerved the stanchest heart.

Instead, she wore a soft white gown, veiled in a seed pearl embroidered net, fashioned in a long train, and a square cut bodice draped with old lace, wrapped round, losing itself in the folds of the belt and advantageously displaying prettily turned shoulders. This was the suggestion of hope, and not the cynical one of the flag of truce, as you might think. The fact of having a bad cold furnished the excuse for sending for her cloak, in which she sat wrapped during the languorous time when the nicest part of dinner—coffee—was being discussed. The cloak reminded me of a bunch of Parma violets. It was of deep Parma violet miter velvet, almost pansy colored in its folds and lined with soft, quilted silk of the paler Neapolitan shade. It was completed by a high collar gleaming with iridescent embroideries and a large, foaming boa of soft white feathers caught on either side by a crumpled rosette of chiffon, from which soft ends, tucked and frilled, fell loosely, following their own sweet will. Occasionally she brought the boa into closer contact with her pearly white throat. Big buckles held the cloak together when necessary. The effect, to my humble thinking, was a symphony of sympathy.

Following these lines, the "greenery gallery" period introduced in the long ago by the children's friend—dear, delightful Kate Greenaway—is once more to the fore. Little ones are smartly tricked out in facsimile of the prevailing modes. This method does not preclude the possibility of their being practically clad, either. White woolen frocks are the faintest and most serviceable for dress up wear. They may be submitted to the mercuries of the laundress if not too elaborately constructed, and always may pay a successful visit to the cleaner, coming back looking like new. A nun's veiling, intended for a girl about 15, prettily displays the sloping shoulder effect of dainty yokes. It will also be observed that the uniquely tied sash, with bow in front, is a bit of poster reality. The scheme of hitching bows to the front is a prevalent habit which further emphasizes a desire for the unusual.

Another example of miniature reproduction is found in a pale rose colored crepon, from the bodice of which depend scarfs of lisse, tied half way in bows, the ends being finished with gilt tassels. An inch wide belt of gold galloon "is just like mamma's," and the wearer fetches up her skirt in back to produce the "curve" in so faultless a manner as to win encomiums of praise from all elders who behold the little mimic.

The almost grown up member of the family will revel in a negligee in the construction of which are combined elusive grace and the most beautiful of underleaves, puffed and banded into seductively charming form, which cling as fashionably as the skirt portion of the garment. With these telling at-



Photo by Aime Dupont, N. Y.

HALLIE ERMINE RIVES, NOVELIST.

Miss Hallie Erminie Rives, well known as the cousin of Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetskoi), is the author of a new novel called "A Furnace of Earth." The book is published simultaneously in England and America. The Prince of Wales, who met Miss Rives in London this summer, is reported to have sent to her publisher to see the advance sheets of the book. When the prince returned them, he is said to have remarked, "When I cut the leaves, they bled."

The novel deals with the sex problem and strikes a note of human passion which, according to many critics, has never yet been sounded in English fiction.

Miss Rives wrote a story called "Smoking Flax" a few years ago. In it she advocated the cause of the southern negro lynchings. The story was not one for young people, and it is not even claimed that "A Furnace of Earth" is juvenile literature either.

Miss Rives lives in New York, but is a native of Kentucky.

tributes there's nothing left to be desired.

If I've surprised you in my account of feminine fashions, prepare yourself to be astounded by the following paragraph, which has just appeared in Vanity Fair, the model society paper of London:

"The single breasted frock coat is to be shortly followed by a buttonless suit, introduced by a Mr. Porter of California. There are also rumors of a brimless top hat, a white evening dress coat, with brass buttons; morning trousers, with gathers round the knees, and red boots."

Cress's ghost! Did I hear aright? Indeed, yes, and all the ghosts of the splendid empire period may soon go stalking abroad if we continue to haunt the corridors of museums or the attics of artists in search of novelty. "The



A TRUE HEROINE.

Miss Riki Wakayama is the name of a young girl of 15 years living in the village of Tototsuka, Japan, whose devoted conduct toward her parents has just been officially rewarded by the governor of Tokyo-fu handing her a diploma of praise and a certain sum of money. The story runs as follows:

In the days of her babyhood her family were living in a fair way; indeed, her father is a man of education, being the holder of a decoration which was given him after the civil war of 23 years ago. But subsequently fortune began to turn against them, when they moved to the place above named from Mito City, where they had originally lived. By the time Riki had entered on her sixth year the family had become so reduced in their circumstances that the father had to pull a jinricksha to earn them a living, and to make things worse, the mother became about the same time a helpless invalid, having contracted incurable rheumatism.

From that time onward for nine long years Riki remained the ever constant nurse and companion of her mother, and a little housekeeper and a kitchen-maid during her father's absence, always denying to herself, first, childish, and then girlish, pastimes, both indoors and out of doors, which, even in the midst of utter poverty, are generally sought after by the young in the growing period of life. There was a delicacy her mother always liked, and she went many a time several miles to fetch it for her. Her mother's pain increased, and she often sat up whole nights, robbing herself of needed sleep, after a hard day's work. Her mother's smile was hers, and everything hers, was her mother's—her only wish being that her mother might recover.

But heaven decreed that the mother must not, and she died on Jan. 11 last. Riki's heart was broken, but she must now live for her father, and she is said to be working harder than ever at home doing piecework to lighten the burden of her sole remaining parent.

This is the story of this noble young woman which reached the ears of the authorities and brought her the deserved honor and reward above alluded to. It may be added that in the midst of all her sorrow and trouble she had had time to teach herself reading and writing. Her mother, though an invalid, was able to help her in this matter, having had some education, like her husband, who also assisted his daughter at night.

SHE IS DUKE OF LANCASTER.

Queen Victoria, apart from her titles of sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and its colonies and dependencies and empress of India, holds the title of Duke of Lancaster. Lord Chesham on one occasion mentioned that when he, as home secretary, attended the birthday dinner, he gave the toast, "The queen, duke of Lancaster." Most people would imagine that her title of Duke of Lancaster merges in her superior title of queen, but that is not so, as she would remain Duke of Lancaster even if she ceased to be queen. The duchy of Lancaster was created in the reign of Edward III, and since 1461 the revenues of the duchy have been held separately from all other hereditary revenues and form no part of the hereditary revenues in view of which the civil list was granted.

A BOX VOYAGE GIFT.

If you have ever noticed the state of worry and fuss some people get into when packing their traveling bags, you will appreciate a little gift made by a quick witted dame to her aunt. It was simply a card, about four inches long by three wide, and on it was a neatly written list of things which should go into the bag.

Besides a full list of toilet implements, it included soap, coat plaster, buttonhook, shoe laces, needles and cotton, small mirror, clothesbrush, scissors, pencil and a few other things which her own experience had taught her were often useful on a journey. The card was meant to be kept in one of the pockets of the traveling bag, so as to be ready for reference when again required.

THE GOLDEN NOTES OF THE QUEENS OF GRAND OPERA

THE opening of the grand opera season sees the queens of song hurrying across the ocean from their palatial homes in the old world, where they spend the long months that intervene before the last spring song and the first winter aria. None of them stays in the United States, not even Susanne Adams, who is a Chicago girl; or Susan Strong, who is claimed by Brooklyn, or Zelle de Lussan or Nordica. Somewhere on the other side, whether it is in apartments in the Bois du Boulogne or in a chateau in the Cevennes, each song siren takes her case far from the scene of her toil and her triumphs.

Mme. Melba has her villa on the Thames and her apartments in the Rue de Prony in Paris; Calve has her Chateau Cambrieres in the Pyrenees and her tiny flat, glowing with warmth and color, in one of the boulevards; Eames has a castle near Florence, Italy, a house in Paris and a place in London; Sembrich keeps up a home in Berlin, where her children study and play while she is coining her pearls of song into good gold of the realm.

Next to being a reigning sovereign or the boss of a big trust, there is no occupation so profitable as that of a prima donna. Patti long ago retired, with her millions, to her castle in Wales, and now appears only at rare intervals, while Nilsson, with a title and wealth, outlives the great ladies of Paris in the elegance of her gowns and in the splendor of her toilets.

Those who frequent the opera seldom pause to consider what the lovely being behind the footlights who toys so carelessly with "high C" or "D in alt" is paid for her couple of exhibitions of vocal gymnastics.

Not one of them appears for less than \$500 a night, and the great stars, like Sembrich, Calve, Melba, Eames, Albani and Nordica, receive from \$1,500 to \$1,800. This is paid to the singers for from two to four arias, or \$375 to \$750 per song. Talk about the fairy tale maiden who dropped pearls and diamonds from her lips every time she opened her mouth! Her gift is scarcely to be mentioned in the same breath with that of the great singers of the nineteenth century.

It was not always, however, the good fortune of the human songbirds to be so well paid. Many of them began with \$100 a month. That was all that was paid the great singers of half a century ago. There is an impression that the fact that opera is fashionable in America accounts for the large salaries paid to its leading exponents here. This is not true. Any one of the first rate singers of opera could in Eu-

rope command almost as much as in America. Besides, to come here they must endure a tedious sea voyage and a climate that is more trying to the larynx than any other to which they are subjected.

The highest price ever paid to a singer in America was given Mme. Sembrich by a New York millionaire's wife who wished the prima donna to appear at one of her drawing room entertainments. Mme. Sembrich asked \$2,000 for her services, and she received it. Sembrich is admitted, with the possible exception of Melba, the greatest living lyrical artist after Patti, and the sum was paid for only a single aria. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt paid Mme. Melba \$1,500 for singing once at her famous musicale. Neither Sembrich nor any of the other divas cares to sing at fashionable entertainments. Eames and Calve will scarcely ever sing except for friends, and then they will accept no fee. It is usual after one of these artists has obliged a friend by appearing at her musicale for the lady to send her some pretty souvenir the next day.

In strong contrast to the earnings of the great prima donnas are those of the poor chorus girls, whose work is really much more arduous. They are constantly on the stage and do the most of the singing. For their efforts they are paid from \$15 to \$25 a week, more often \$15 than \$25.

Aside from the extravagant style in which most of the famous singers live, they have heavy expenses in connection with their profession. Each singer must receive the best of care and usually has a maid and a dresser, with a private secretary to look after her correspondence.

When she goes to a hotel, in order to secure comfort and seclusion, it is necessary for her to engage an entire suite of apartments, to have all her meals served in her room and to live in the heart of the city, where hotel bills are high. When in New York, Mme. Sembrich generally stays at the Savoy, near Central park; Mme. Melba at the Waldorf Astoria, Mme. Calve at the Plaza and Mme. Eames at the Marie Antoinette hotel. To support the dignity of her position the successful singer must dress handsomely, and her stage wardrobe is generally at her own expense. One gown worn by Mme. Eames in "Faust" cost her \$1,000, and Mme. Melba's splendid \$15,000 gown for "Traviata" is said to have been almost equalled in sumptuousness by Mme. Sembrich's gown for the same opera. Years of study are, of course, required to polish and perfect even a fine voice. Those who know say that \$25,000 must be spent before a prima donna is ready

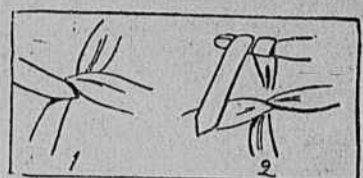
to make her bow before the public. In no other profession is the cost in money, time and perseverance so great. The prima donna's term of money making is usually limited to about 10 or 15 years. Few great artists achieve eminence before the age of 30. After that they are in their prime until about the age of 45. Then, if they are wise and have been thrifty, they can retire to an honored and comfortable old age, as, for example, did Jenny Lind and Nilsson and Patti, the memory of their greatness.

MARIE ADAMANT.

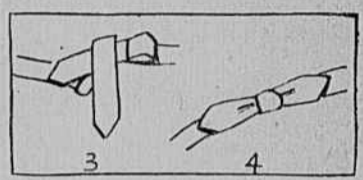
HOW TO KNOT THE STRING TIE.

In all seasons alike the string tie is particularly popular, yet not one woman in 50 wears this tie done in the correct fashion. The string tie, to be correct, must be straight and narrow and crisply tied, and measure about 32 inches in length.

The newest method adopted by the fashionable girl for achieving a smart



mannish effect in her string tie is as follows: Cross the tie, the left end over the right, and tie in the usual fashion, as in illustration No. 1; then wind the upper end over the left forefinger to form a loop, as in the second illustration. Transfer this loop to the thumb and first finger of the right hand and use the left hand to tuck the lower end of the tie through the loop in front of the bow and in the opposite direction. Draw the knot tight, and the result is the straightest, neatest, crispest of



bows, as shown in No. 4; a bow that rarely loosens, never twists or droops, and is worthy even of the confidence of a golfing girl on a windy day.

A sailor bow, which differs from a sailor's knot, is worn with a stock. It is usually made of acetate silk, crepe de chine, liberty silk, ribbon or lawn.

VICTORIA'S LOVE OF FLOWERS.

Since the days when Queen Victoria used to be found tending her own carnations in the flower beds near the windows of Windsor castle a long time has indeed elapsed, but her love for flowers and interest in all matters concerning their growth have increased rather than diminished with years. The most enterprising experiments are made by her wish in the royal gardens and greenhouses, and few novelties in varieties of plants or methods of horticulture are introduced into England without receiving her attention, one of her biographers tells us.

Among the fruits cultivated under glass are bananas and strawberries—the former bear fruit; the latter blossom about Christmas time—while baskets of ripe strawberries are picked every February to be placed on the queen's own table. Presents to relatives at home and abroad and foreign sovereigns are often made out of the earliest crops yielded by the hothouses. Grapes make a fine show at Windsor, and Queen Victoria likes to visit the vineries often to admire the lovely exhibition of the thousands of bunches. In these houses it is possible to gather peaches in May, and this is where over 12,000 strawberry plants are raised annually. One novelty in the way of fruit which is being tried is the Japanese date plum. Here, too, or rather, in specially constructed pits quite near, grow the pineapples, which are ready in midwinter and are of noted excellence.

When the queen inspects her gardens, it must be mentioned that her interest is by no means limited to the ornamental branches of the gardener's art. She manifests keen interest in the new kinds of vegetables, especially tomatoes (which are so managed as never to be out of season), green peas, beans and potatoes. An astonishing amount of vegetables are sent in daily for the use of the royal household.

The orchid house at Frogmore shows some rare plants, and the sacred bean of Egypt is always visited in its flowering season by its royal owner. Few cultivators succeed in blooming it yearly, as happens here, a fact of which her majesty is justly proud. The palm-house is brightened by the scarlet flowers of the poinsettia, which are cut in quantities for vase and table decoration. For maidenhair ferns the queen has a fancy, and her private sitting room is generally adorned by a fine specimen or two.

Though gratified to have witnessed so great an advance in all branches of gardening during the years of her reign and fully convinced of the superiority of modern varieties of flowers and fruit, her majesty preserves an affection for many of the good old plants and blossoms, especially the hardy outdoor subjects that were generally grown in her young days.

Queen Victoria has always loved violets. The old as well as the new sorts are cultivated by her gardeners, so that she is never without some in bloom. Roses under glass are also very successfully managed, the climbing white niphotes being, it is said, the queen's favorite. Mignonette, wallflowers and honeysuckle are among sweet scented blossoms for which the queen cherishes affection.

TO CLEAR THE COMPLEXION.

A thorough steaming has a wonderfully good effect occasionally in clearing the complexion. It may be accomplished by holding the face over a basin of hot water and keeping in the steam with a towel, which covers the head and the basin, forming a sort of tent. After steaming for a short time wash the face well with a good superfatted soap and warm water and then douche the face with cold water.

The soap does the work of cleansing, the hot water removes the suds and the cold closes the pores of the skin, which it braces so that it is not made too sensitive to bear the effects of cold winds or of sun.



Photo by Schloss, N. Y.

BLANCHE WALSH'S \$1,200 "L'AIGLON" GOWN.

When Sara Bernhardt's play, "L'Aiglon," was put on in Paris, it made such a great hit that the dressmakers were prompt in adapting it to the popularizing of their creations. They merely turned out L'Aiglon hats, gowns and cloaks with a view to reaping a rich harvest. Empire garments of every sort were called L'Aiglon.

Miss Blanche Walsh, who has returned from Paris, bought one of the hand-somest of the L'Aiglon gowns displayed at the Paris exposition. It cost her just \$1,200, for it was the only one of that design made by one of the greatest of the Parisian dressmakers. It is needless to say that the garment is a dream. It is of the empire style, the short bodice being made of black silk chiffon, entirely covered with gold and spangled embroidery in an Egyptian pattern. The skirt, which clings closely to the body from immediately below the bust, is of black crepe, with an insertion around the bottom of black chiffon, embroidered in the same pattern as the bodice. The gown opens at the left side just below the bust to the floor, showing a panel of white satin covered with black chiffon, and on either side a broad insertion of the Egyptian trimming. The girle, high under the arms, is of the same Egyptian pattern in gold, with a larger medallion in front of lapis lazuli with a golden head of Cleopatra. The gown has a long train, the sleeves coming way below the hands, and the whole effect is of a slender black serpent with golden scales.

and enriched madame to the extent of 20 times its intrinsic value.

"And so I could wander on through these tumultuous upheavals of momentary excitement, for just last night I overheard a quaint compliment paid my friend as I passed down the wide steps of the Waldorf, over its rich red carpet and snow white marble steps of the vestibule. 'You always seem in sympathy with the moment, and yet you avoid the obvious.' It was neatly put, I thought, for the speaker little knew that accidentally he had put into words the dominant rule of my friend's giddy life—avoid the obvious."

The remark had especial reference to her cloak. We had been at a big dinner, given by a soldier just going to China, where some of his near men relations and friends were already in the midst of war. To go in flaunting colors would have been an insolence to the secret underlying depression and anxiety. To have gone in black would have been an obvious impropriety—a suggestion of heartlessness to the mon-

FROCKS FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

duction is found in a pale rose colored crepon, from the bodice of which depend scarfs of lisse, tied half way in bows, the ends being finished with gilt tassels. An inch wide belt of gold galloon "is just like mamma's," and the wearer fetches up her skirt in back to produce the "curve" in so faultless a manner as to win encomiums of praise from all elders who behold the little mimic.

The almost grown up member of the family will revel in a negligee in the construction of which are combined elusive grace and the most beautiful of underleaves, puffed and banded into seductively charming form, which cling as fashionably as the skirt portion of the garment. With these telling at-

fine white hand of Time" ought to find better things to do. Don't you think on this subject as does

Daisy May

New York.

HOW TO CULTIVATE BEAUTY.

Queen Natalie of Serbia is remarkable for beauty, her great charm being her lovely neck, which resembles that of the famous Venus of Milo. Her recipe for preserving it from the ravages of time is simplicity itself. Every morning she takes a brisk little walk in the grounds of her palace near Belgrade, bearing a pitcher on her head. This exercise not only improves the neck by strengthening its muscles, but the balancing of the pitcher encourages a graceful and easy carriage. Peasant women who carry weights on their heads in this manner are remarkable for their fine figures and erect, dignified and graceful bearing.